The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatterd kingdom, who already wiſe in our negligence
Haue ſecret fee in ſome of our beſt Ports,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to *Douer*, you ſhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the King,

Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights
On him, hollow the other.

Enter Lear and Poole.

Lear. Blow winde and cracke your cheekes, r
You carterickes, and Hircanios ſpout till you ha
The ſteeples, drownd the cockes, you ſulpherou
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunder-bolts, ſing my white hea
And thou all ſhaking thunder, ſmite flat
The thicke rotundity of the world, cracke nature
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy water in a dry h
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters bleſſi
Here's a night pitties neyther wiſe man nor fool

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout ra
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fire, are my daughter
I taske not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription; why then let fall y
Pleaſure, here I ſtand your ſlaue, a poore, infirm
Deſpiſed old man, but yet I call you ſeruile
Miniſters, that haue with two pernitious daugh
Your high engendered battell gainſt a head ſo o
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a houſe to put his head in, h
peece, the codpeece that will houſe before the
head and he ſhall lowſe, ſo beggers marry mar
makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make, ſ
cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake, for the
faire woman, but ſhe made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patien
I will ſay nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?